

Life Lessons

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Summary: [Dean/Castiel] "How do people even kiss anyway?" Dean muttered under his breath, more of a rhetorical question than anything else, not expecting his best friend to hear him. But, then again, Cas' hearing had always been incredibly sharp.

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><p>AN: For some reason, I was really in to writing Dean and Cas as kids over the weekend. Here's another really short thing I decided to post. Hope you enjoy, sock puppets.
</p>

****DISCLAIMER. I own nothing.****

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><p>"Okay. Try this one. When was the Declaration of Independence?"<p>

"17...72?"

"Hm, nearly. 1776."

Dean pulled a face at his best friend sitting opposite him across the kitchen table. "Smartass."

"Not quite. I just study." Cas looked at him reproachfully over the top of the textbook in front of him. "Which is exactly what we're supposed to be doing right now."

"Spoilsport," Dean grumbled, reopening his own book, glancing at it briefly before letting out a sigh. "It's no good. I'm never gonna get all of this for the test on Monday. I mean, I've read the same page five freakin' times and I've got nothin'."

"Well, you're not going to get anything with that attitude."

Dean rolled his eyes, rising from his seat in a fluid motion. "Yeah, yeah, so you keep sayin', Cas."

"What are you doing now?"

"Lookin' for some snacks. Mom should have left us a couple o'slices of pie from yesterday." Cas, after a moment of thought, rose from his own chair and followed him across the kitchen, towards the refrigerator, as Dean continued to talk. "Man, I can't wait 'til we get to high school."

Cas raised an eyebrow. "You won't be saying that when we get there. Gabriel says that high school is like a social minefield."

"Gabriel likes to exaggerate everythin', though," Dean reasoned, letting out a noise of triumph when he stumbled across the remaining pieces of pie. "I bet he hasn't even got a girlfriend like he keeps claimin'. He doesn't seem like the type to know what to do when it comes to romance."

"And, let me guess, you are?" Cas smirked.

"Yeah!" Dean insisted, handing his best friend his slice of pie, leaning his back against the counter as he faced him. "Have you forgotten 'bout Lisa?"

"I hardly think Lisa counts, Dean, considering that seemingly evaporated after less than a week."

"Yeah, well, still counts, though, doesn't it? We just, y'know, didn't really fit." He gave a shrug, as if this sort of thing happened to him every day of the week.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"She's got experience, hasn't she? With...all that."

"Experience?" Cas quoted, frowning. "Do you mean kissing and stuff? What's that got to do with anything?" Dean remained silent; Cas' eyes

widened after a moment. "Oh. I see."

"No, you don't -" Dean began quickly, but he got cut off.

"You've never kissed anyone before?"

"Keep your voice down! I don't want everyone knowin', do I?" Dean glanced around the kitchen suspiciously, as if he was half expecting a bunch of their classmates to be gathered somewhere in hiding, listening in on every word they said.

Cas rolled his eyes at his friend's paranoia. "Nothing wrong with never having been kissed, Dean."

"How do people even kiss anyway?" Dean muttered under his breath, more of a rhetorical question than anything else, not expecting his best friend to hear him. But, then again, Cas' hearing had always been incredibly sharp.

"Not sure. I think it goes something like this." Cas quickly closed the five centimetre gap between them, dropping a feather-light kiss on Dean's cheekbone.

Dean cleared his throat loudly, shuffling, his skin still warm from where Cas' lips had touched it. "Right. Got it. Thanks for that, Cas."

"You're welcome, Dean." Cas beamed at him, seemingly unaware of his best friend's awkwardness. "Now, let's try another question."

"You don't even have the freakin' book in front of you."

"Like I said, I study. Who was the first US president?"

End
file.